

*of Henrie the fourth.*

That were his lackies, I cried hum, and wel go to,  
But mark him not a word. O he is as tedious  
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,  
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue  
With cheefe and garlike in a Windmil far,  
Then feed on cates and haue him talke to me,  
In any summer house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In faith he is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull  
As mines of India, shal I tell you coosen,  
He holds your temper in a high respect  
And curbs himselfe euen of his natural scope,  
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does,  
I warrant you that man is not aliue  
Might so haue tempted him as you haue done,  
Without the tast of danger and reproofe,  
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In faith my Lord you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your comming hither haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience,  
You must needs learne Lord to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnes, courage, bloud,  
And thats the dearest grace it renders you,  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,  
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdain,  
The least of which haunting a noble man,  
Looseth mens harts and leaues behind a staine  
Vpon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Wel I am schoold good maners be your speed,  
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

*Glen.* My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,

Sheele

*of Henrie the fourth.*

Sheele be a souldior to, sheele to the wars.

*Mor.* Good father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy  
Shal follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers  
him in the same.*

*Glen.* She is desperate here,  
A peeuish selfewild harlorrie, one that no perswasien can doe  
good vpon.

*The Ladie speakes in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy lookes, that prettie Welsh,  
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,  
I am too perfect in, and but for shame  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*The Ladie againe in welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And thats a feeling disputation,  
But I will neuer be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learnt thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,  
With rauishing diuision to her Lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

*The Ladie speakes againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* O I am ignorance it selfe in this.

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,  
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,  
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse,  
Making such difference twixt wake and sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The houre before the heauenly harvest teeme  
Begins his golden progresse in the east.

*Mor.* With all my heart ile sit and heare her sing,  
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

*Glen.* Do so, & those musitions that shal play to you,  
Hang in the aire a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shalbe here, sit and attend.

F.iii

Hor.